

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME IV.

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EDITORIAL

SPRINGFIELD SUN, ROGERS GORE, EDITOR.

"WOE TO HIM THAT BUILDETH A TOWN WITH BLOOD, AND STABLISHETH A CITY BY INIQUITY."

LAWLESSNESS.

With conditions as they are today in Kentucky no man is safe. He can not assure his family protection; he can not promise his little ones that their slumbers will not be disturbed during the hours of the dark night by a marauding and desperate gang, with torch and dagger in hand, bent upon incendiarism and murder. When he pillows his head at night he has no guarantee from the "strong arm of the law" that the morning sun will not shine down upon the smouldering ashes of his home—a debris from the wave of anarchy that is sweeping Kentucky today, as the billows sweep the high seas when the Storm God breathes upon the waters. He has no assurance that his own blood will not make crimson the lawn of his home, and that over his lifeless body the wife of today will not weep as his widow of tomorrow. And when he caresses his children as they clamor about his knee in the evening of today, he can not promise them that they will not be orphans of tomorrow, made so by an assassin's bullet.

Are we putting it too strongly? We can not believe we are. But let's see; let us look into the conditions as they now exist.

The crime of night-riding has spread in Kentucky until many counties in the State have severely suffered as a result of the depredations committed by these lawless bands. The counties that have thus far escaped are ill at ease, because of threatening letters received by some of their citizens, and the people are expecting to be "swooped down upon" at any hour after 11 o'clock at night. Consequently we may correctly say that every county in Kentucky is infested with a ruffian or ruffians who stand ready, and are anxious, to lead a gang of criminals in a merciless and cowardly onslaught. A rampage of crime in one section impresses mischievous ideas upon the minds of criminals in other sections, and they ask themselves the question: "WHY SHALL WE NOT GO AND DO LIKEWISE?" To a born criminal the committing of a crime is a mere pastime—a sort of jolly excursion—a tonic to his nerves, and his degrading and dastardly office is performed in ecstasy rather than in chagrin. Especially at this time is the Kentucky criminal in the "height of his glory." He feels that Justice is terrified by the threats that are issued from the rendezvous, and that instead of being at the mercy of the court, the court—the jurors and the judges—are at his mercy.

The partners in crime in every section of Kentucky have sworn allegiance to each other, and they feel that their organization is so compact and so extensive in its scope that each member can promise to the other immunity, it matters not where, or upon whom the crime is committed. They have no fear of the hangman's noose, and prison walls are as "open space" to them. Every citizen who lifts his voice against these perpetrators of cold-blooded crime is threatened. Many of the more timid are publishing carus in county newspapers in which promises are made to the criminal bands that the orders of the kluxers will be carried out.

Since the beginning of time were the people of any civilized country ever more sorely harassed than are the people of Kentucky today?

And we reiterate. WITH CONDITIONS AS THEY ARE IN KENTUCKY NO MAN IS SAFE.

There may be some who will say, "I will not be molested; I am not a farmer; I raise no tobacco and there is no reason for an attack upon my home."

Dismiss such thoughts, and persuade not yourselves to hide behind such flimsy fortifications. These bands have ceased to "classify their work," and are attacking promiscuously among all classes. Many members of the mobs are taking advantage of the so-called "tobacco war" to "even up old scores" with men against whom they hold personal grudges, and EVERY MAN IN KENTUCKY WHO, IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AS A PUBLIC OFFICIAL OR AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN, HAS CROSSED THE PATH OF A SINGLE VICIOUS CHARACTER STANDS IN LINE FOR A FLOGGING OR FOR A BULLET FROM AN ASSASSIN'S GUN.

The warnings of night riders are no longer to tobacco growers alone. Supervisors are threatened for raising property assessments; attorneys are warned not to prosecute; judges and juries are "dared" to convict; and every man is ordered to "throw up his hand and submit."

HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE YOU ARE COMMANDED TO WORSHIP GOD ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF NIGHT RIDERS?

May we not impress upon every law-abiding citizen of Washington county that it is unsafe as long as these conditions exist; may he not be made to see that his property is in danger of the torch, that his life is in jeopardy?

True, we have thus far escaped with only a few depredations, but a number of our citizens have received threatening letters, and we have no assurance that a "visit" is not forthcoming.

Therefore, be prepared to protect your families and homes.

Thus far the State has utterly and miserably failed to restore order. Upon the other hand the greater the efforts of State authorities to put down lawlessness the greater the increase of crime.

A shifting mob can not be apprehended or routed by a stationary soldiery. It is a piece of foolishness to picket soldiers around incendiary ashes. The firebug is not coming back to dance a jig of defiance in the face of Gatling guns, but he is going to other fields where there is "something to burn."

THEREFORE IT IS NECESSARY FOR EACH COUNTY TO LOOK AFTER ITS OWN INTERESTS; FOR EACH COMMUNITY TO BE PREPARED TO PROTECT ITS CITIZENS, FOR NEIGHBOR TO SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO NEIGHBOR, AND FOR EVERY MAN TO BE DETERMINED IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS HOME.

We have spent too much time in denouncing night riders, and not enough time in a preparation to entrap them. The plumage of the bird is the bird's own "wealth of beauty" so long as it remains in the brush.

May we not offer a suggestion to the authorities of Washington county?

First, let it be understood that night riders do not attack in the open; theirs is distinctly a guerrilla "warfare"—a creeping "soldiery" under the shadows of night, seeking not to meet in combat the main forces of the opposition, but waiting an opportunity to spring upon the defenseless.

Hence it will be seen that if communities are prepared for defense and are given warning that an attack is imminent, there need be no fear of an actual fight; a flashing gun and a single shot sufficeth to route marauding cowards.

The proprietors of large business concerns employ men to watch the buildings in which their wares are stored and displayed. This is deemed very necessary, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent annually by private individuals for the nightly watching of their properties.

WHY NOT EMPLOY NIGHT WATCHMEN FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY?

Fifteen alert men properly picketed in this county would make it possible to prevent an attack at any given point by a crowd of night riders. These

watchmen could spread the news of the intended attack, by telephone and otherwise, and thus give law-abiding people an opportunity to prepare to receive the night-roving criminals in a warm and exciting manner, and we believe the band could be broken and scattered before it reached the place of its intended depredation.

True it will cost the county something to put these watchmen on duty, but if it does no more than introduce a feeling of safety throughout the county it will be a good investment. The value of farm land would increase 25 per cent. if the owners of the land could be given a guarantee of absolute safety.

The loss through the destruction of property in Kentucky by incendiaries is not a drop in the bucket compared to the loss the State has sustained in the depreciation of property values, by reason of these continued outrages.

EACH COUNTY IN THE STATE CAN AFFORD TO BANKRUPT ITSELF TO RESTORE ORDER.

Property will have no monetary value if these criminal bands of night prowlers are permitted to travel for even a while longer in their well-worn paths of crime. Continued lawlessness will bankrupt Kentucky; it will mean diminutive taxes, by reason of property depredation.

On account of these miserable conditions many good citizens are leaving the State; none are coming into it. Other States look upon Kentucky as a veritable hot-bed of crime, and daily newspapers, by means of flaming headlines and hideous cartoons, are giving to the world some very ugly pictures of our loved Commonwealth.

In this connection we print the following letter, received by the editor of The Sun a few days ago:

Denton, Tex., March 23.—Editor Sun: The Dallas News, the leading paper of Texas, informs its readers that an exodus of Kentuckians is imminent on account of the sad conditions in your State. No doubt you are inclined to be a philanthropist and are willing to advise the distracted people in their present need. You will make no mistake in advising your readers to turn their eyes to Texas. There are ever so many Kentuckians here who have fared well, and they will be glad to meet their brethren—if they come. Tell the persecuted Kentuckians to come to Texas; they will in no way be molested.

I find your address in the Literary Digest, it having recently commented on an article, or editorial, from your paper.

Yours truly,
Raymond Vermont.

This letter was doubtless written in all seriousness. The writer is patriotic and desires to better his State by having a lot of good Kentuckians locate there. But in this instance we are going to put a "check on our philanthropy" and advise Kentuckians to remain in Kentucky, stick to their guns and fight the battle to a successful conclusion.

May we not offer a few suggestions to the members of the American Society of Equity in this county—more especially to the officers of the organization? In the outset let it be known that the editor of The Sun is an "A. S. of E.," being one of the charter members of the Fenwick Local, and that he is a friend, and certainly in nowise an enemy, of the organization.

It is known to every member of the American Society of Equity that many people in Kentucky are placing the blame for all this rioting and incendiarism at the door of the Society. Some folk go so far as to advocate the abolition of the society as a means of bringing about peace. Hence it will be seen that the organization is in bad repute with some people. False stories, as to the methods and intentions of Equity organizations, have been heralded over Kentucky until today there are people who actually believe that the object of the Society is murder and arson. It is unfortunate for the movement that even a few people hold to such opinions, and the members of the various Equity Societies throughout the State should leave nothing undone to remove these false impressions from the minds of the people, else, like cancerous sores, they spread, and destroy where they touch.

If the lie is not given to these stories in a more forcible manner than "shouting from the housetop," the organization in Kentucky will be damned. Let us be determined in our efforts to check these miserable tales. ACTION IS NECESSARY. Equity leaders, and all members and friends of the organization, should endeavor to put down crime in Kentucky. INDEED THE SOCIETY SHOULD MAKE AS STRONG AN EFFORT TO RESTORE ORDER IN KENTUCKY AS IT HAS MADE TO GET FIFTEEN CENTS A POUND FOR TOBACCO.

Let the locals of each community meet, at the earliest possible date, and let all members band themselves together with the avowed purpose to keep order in their respective communities.

No greater calamity could befall the farmers of Kentucky than the destruction of their great organization. It would be a glorious day for the tobacco trust, and would give it another opportunity to put its iron hand upon your throats.

Do all in your power to uphold law and order in this county, and counsel your friends against using inflammatory language, and thus be instrumental in strengthening the Society.

We do not believe there are in Washington county a half dozen men, of ordinary intelligence, who would encourage, night riding, or uphold night-riding methods, but if there is one individual who feels "in duty bound" to go forth to burn barns, the people are unsafe so long as he is at liberty. However, there may be an organized band in another section "dastardly contemplating" with an eye turned to the fertile fields and the "sacred precincts" of this dear, old county.

Therefore, it would be well to patrol the highways and watch the barns till this storm of terror in Kentucky has spent its velocity.

CAUTION.

It is the duty of every good citizen to denounce not only night-riding and night-riding methods, but to lend a helping hand to wipe from Kentucky these agencies of crime and disorder. You can not say too much against such crimes; you can not become too active in an effort to remove the causes of these outrages. But do not permit yourself to condemn the American Society of Equity. This organization's legitimate, and is working to the end that the conditions of farmers may be bettered. As an organization it is not a part of, and has no part in, night-riding. Its officers and members have denounced, and are yet denouncing, the very deplorable and mean crimes of incendiarism and plunder.

Many of the best citizens of Kentucky are members of this organization. They believe they have a right to band themselves together and work to promote the welfare of each other. When this society is branded as a criminal organization—as the originator and promoter of night-riding, these citizens are placed in the same category with the roving rogues of bloody shirts and flaming torches. To place the blame for night-riding at the door of the Equity Society, puts no oil upon the troubled waters.

In Kentucky at present we should all be careful of whom we accuse. Accusation without proof is too much like a "dare"—too much like an invitation to "cross the line and fight it out." Cool heads are essential when the rioter is abroad in the land.

Let all good citizens stand together, faithfully and determinedly, in an effort to restore order in Kentucky. Equity men and non-equity men should put their heads together and endeavor to plan "ways and means" of thwarting the will of the night rider—or forcing all men to obey the laws, and respect the rights citizens.

Most of the members of the Society of Equity are law-abiding, and can do

much good in their respective communities toward bringing about peace and good fellow-ship, but if it is continually ding-donged into their ears that the Society they love is a criminal organization they will not feel inclined to assist ardently and cheerfully in the restoration of law and order, but will be content to let matters "go by the way."

Caution ought to be the watchword of every man, and the fellow full of insinuations and threats ought to try to curb himself.

A LESSON.

The individuals who are mailing threatening letters to farmers in this county can learn a valuable lesson if they will briefly "study" the case of Robert Wood, of Christian county. Wood is a young farmer of that county and was doubtless prosperous to a degree, and was possibly happy and contented, until he "felt himself called upon" to write a letter, sign it "Night Rider" and mail it to a negro by the name of Lewis Dawson. Besides paying a fine of \$136 Wood is compelled to serve a jail sentence of three months.

Every man who writes a threatening letter opens up a way through which he may travel to the penitentiary.

SUNNY SIDE.

As I have not seen any letters from our little village for some time I will try and jot down a few items.

Farmers are busy around here plowing and getting ready for another crop.

Now and then I see a little smoke on the hillside. Don't know whether the farmers are burning tobacco beds or the Indians come back to their happy hunting ground.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Lon Barker, a son—Russell.

Mr. John Harmon was in Marion county last week buying corn.

Misses Sarah and Fannie Baker, of Booker, visited Mrs. Susie Barr one day last week.

Mrs. Jim Harmon was in Mackville Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Will Jeffers and Mr. Obe Fowler were in Mackville Saturday on business.

Mr. Dolph Barrack and wife visited friends at Stewartville Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Estelle Fowler, of Fenwick, visited her father at Willsburg this week.

Mrs. Wm. Jeffers and Miss Tillie Fowler were in Mackville Saturday.

Dogs killed twenty-five lambs for Burr Begley one night last week. Something ought to be done with these worthless dogs, and that at once. Think of this man's loss and hear the mothers bleating for their little lambs. How sad the owner of the sheep must feel to-day.

School will begin at Fenwick April 1 with Miss Margaret Smith as teacher.

Rumor says there is to be a wedding at Fenwick this spring.

The Sun never fails to shine on Thursday. How we love to read its pages.

Hagan Bros. Saturday Sale For Cash

18 lbs Best Granulated Sugar	\$1.00
9 lbs best Granulated Sugar	50c
3 cans regular 10c corn	25c
2 cans regular 15c corn	25c
3 cans regular 10c peas	25c
1 can Polks Best 3 lbs Tomatoes	10c
2 cans regular 2 for 25c Salmon	20c
1 dozen regular 30c Oranges	20c
1 dozen regular 30c Lemons	15c
6 bars Big Deal Soap	25c
6 bars Red Wrapper Soap	25c
7 bars Lenox Soap	25c
3 lbs. regular 20c Evaporated Peaches	45c
2 cans regular 15c Chunk Pineapple	25c

When You Want The Best And Are In Doubt Order FERNDILL COFFEE.

HAGAN BROS. Springfield, Ky

Notice. Parties who are yet holding their 1907 crop of tobacco are hereby notified that the Washington County Warehouse Co. is now ready to receive and would be glad if parties would bring tobacco in at once. C. W. STALLINGS.

Closing Out At Cost

In order to Close out my stock of Groceries, Etc, I have Cut Prices on every article in my house. Look over the list below and let us save you money:

N. O. Molasses reduced from 60c to.....35c	3 Cakes Long Tom Soap.....10c
2 5c sticks Wiggle Stick Blue.....5c	3 Cakes Sunny Monday Soap.....10c
Prunes.....7c lb	3 Cakes Fairy Soap.....10c
Navy Beans.....5c lb	3 Cakes Glycerine Tar Soap.....10c
Pure Pepper.....20c lb	Sweet Pickles.....5c dozen
1-2 lb. Can Dried Beef for.....10c	1 lb Black Tea for.....30c
2 Cans Red Seal Lye.....15c	5c packages Dunham Coconut for.....10c
3 Cakes German Family Soap.....10c	8 Boxes Wash Powder.....10c
	1 lb Box Seeded Raisins.....10c

T. Irvine McElroy.

BEN JOHNSON OF KENTUCKY

AS SEEN BY SAVOYARD, THE WELL-KNOWN WASHINGTON CITY CORRESPONDENT

The Fourth District Congressman a Man of Brains Courage and Determination; a Leader of Men.

(Savoynard.)

The county of Nelson, State of Kentucky, is eight years older than the Constitution of the United States. It was named for Thomas Nelson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, and a governor of Virginia. Partly bluegrass and partly beargrass, Nelson county is one of the best in the entire Commonwealth. It is washed by the waters of Pottinger creek and the Beech Fork and Rolling Fork of the famed Salt River. It abounds in springs of clear, crystal, cold limestone water, the virtues of which serve to make Nelson county whiter the best in the world.

Bardstown, the county seat, was long the Athens of the West. It was there that was located the famous Jesuit College of St. Joseph, whence were graduated so many eminent Americans; and when that institution was at its zenith Bardstown was the seat of more learning, more culture, more eloquence than any other community between the Allegheny mountains and the setting sun. It was here that a King of France spent some years of his exile. Rowan and Hardin headed the bar, and Pope, Wickliffe, Grisby, Chapeau and Guthrie were their learned and brilliant associates. John Hays, a prodigious genius, was another, who survives in tradition as the greatest orator of the western hemisphere has produced. Joseph Holt was yet another orator, little, if any, inferior to Marshall or Menifee.

In 1804 William Johnson and his son, William, went from Maryland to Kentucky and located in Nelson county, in the hills; but some time later they acquired 5,000 acres of very fertile land, between the Beech and Rolling forks, and engaged extensively in farming, raising chiefly corn and hogs. The younger Johnson became a trader to New Orleans, freighting bacon to that market by flatboat and returning by steamboat. The calling was attended with many hardships and great dangers, but it made hardy, adventurous and aggressive folk of the thousands of Kentuckians engaged in it.

In direct successive line there were seven William Johnsons, every one of them endowed with a force of character that rendered him more than a common man. The greatest of them was William Johnson, born in 1817, the son of the flatboatman of that name. When he was a lad of seventeen his father bought a half interest in the general store of a merchant named McManus, then the leading establishment of that kind between Louisville and Nashville, and put William and an elder brother in the store to learn the business. At nineteen William displayed such a capacity for business, such executive ability, such a forceful personality, that he dominated both his partners, and the entire establishment was under his control, and wonderfully prosperous. His father died some two or three years later, and William was nominated as his executor, and some time after McManus died and William was his executor also. The famous Ben Hardin was his legal counsel, and was swift to discover the extraordinary capacity for practical affairs possessed by his youthful client. When the two estates were finally settled Hardin was instrumental in having young Johnson

appointed master in chancery of the Circuit Court, and while serving in that capacity he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and immediately taken into co-partnership in the practice by Hardin, then the first lawyer of Kentucky and the equal of any lawyer in all America.

Soon after he came to the bar young Johnson was elected county attorney, an office he held for eleven years. In 1865 Johnson, reared a Whig, was a Democrat and a candidate for State senator on the Democratic ticket. The issue was the thirteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, and there were soldiers at the polls. Johnson was in no humor to be beaten by bayonets, and rallied his friends, took possession of the polls in some of the precinct, expelled the soldiers, and when the returns were all in he had an adequate majority, and served the term of four years.

In 1869 he was re-elected. It was a difficult task that confronted the statesmen of Kentucky in those days. The State was full of soldiers returned from both armies, and there were many and bitter animosities. Fortunately, a great man, Thomas E. Bramlette, was governor, and William Johnson was one of his most trusted advisers. A policy of complete amnesty was adopted, and it is said that Bramlette granted 4,000 pardons in a single day, all to operate before trial of the indictments. This saved the State from chaos, and by 1867 there was fraternity between the Confederates and Federals in nearly every community.

Johnson was looked upon as the most learned and accomplished codifier of state law in the State. He made it a specialty, and, living near Louisville, he was kept busy by the leading lawyers of that metropolis, who plied him with questions in line with his studies in that branch of the profession.

Ben Johnson, member of the Sixtieth Congress from the Fourth Kentucky district, is a chip of the old block. He is emphatically a man of affairs, a practical thinker, a will of iron, a good lawyer, and a better friend. Born in 1858 to affluence he elected to be a pillar of society, rather than a parasite upon it. His might have been a life of leisure and of luxury, he preferred to run the race of life as his father had before him, a leader of his people.

When he was born, John C. Breckinridge was Vice President, John J. Crittenden and John B. Thompson were Senators from Kentucky, and Charles S. Morehead was Governor. John Young Brown, W. C. P. Breckinridge, J. C. S. Blackburn, James B. McGraw and James A. McKenzie were just out of school. John G. Carlisle and John M. Harlan were young and struggling lawyers. The Know-nothing party was not yet dead, and there was as yet no Republican party in the old Commonwealth. James B. Beck was not known outside his judicial circuit, and James Guthrie disputed with the youthful Vice President the leadership of the Kentucky Democracy. Joseph Holt was the most eloquent Democratic orator of the entire Union.

That was in 1858, when Ben Johnson was born in the room in which he has

ever since lived, in his father's residence, near Bardstown. He was graduated from St. Mary's College, in Marion county, at the age of twenty, and received his diploma from the law school of the University of Louisville four years after. In 1885 young Johnson was returned to the Legislature from Nelson county. Two years later he was re-elected and chosen speaker of that body. It was the Legislature that gave James B. Beck his last commission as Senator, and in those days the Kentucky Democracy was a militant party, uniform by faction, unopposed by small men. There was no machine. Simon Bolivar Buckner was Governor, and conventions reflected the choice of the electorate.

At the close of his term as Speaker, young Johnson returned to his law office and the personal management of his extensive business affairs. As had his father before him, he had the reputation of a consummate business man ere he was twenty-five. He was the close personal friend and trusted counselor of such men as Milton H. Smith, the greatest railroad executive west of the Alleghenies, and of John M. Atherton, lawyer, orator, statesman, student, capitalist, pronounced by John Sherman to be the greatest intellect he had ever met. Had Atherton possessed the robust physical constitution of James B. Beck, his name in the political world would have been as high on the roll as Blaine's or Conkling's, as Thurman's or Lamar's. His speech in advocacy of the election of Tilden in 1876 was as masterly an argument as ever came from the American stump, and in the Senate he would have been Aldrich and Carlisle combined. He is yet living, at nearly three-score years and ten, but it was only his active outdoor life that preserved him so long.

When Cleveland became President, in 1893, he appointed Ben Johnson collector of Internal Revenue, of the Fifth Kentucky district, perhaps the second in the Union in the amount of taxes paid. To this office Johnson brought all his capacity for business and all his energies as an executive. There was no better conducted office in the Union, and it is doubtless true that Johnson is the best equipped man in Congress to legislate on internal revenue taxation. He is as familiar with all the laws on that subject as he is with his alphabet, and his clear and convincing discussions of the matter would be invaluable to Congress if it should be attempted to revise the revenue laws during his service in the House of Representatives.

In 1906 Ben Johnson was elected to Congress, and for the reputation he had made as a clear-headed business man, he was assigned to the Committee on the District of Columbia. He is also the Kentucky representative on the Congressional Campaign Committee, and will go far if his Congressional career shall be prolonged.

Just now the Democracy of Kentucky is experiencing some little tribulation. William O. Bradley, a stalwart, 306-er, a Republican who is eternally quarreling because a force bill is not enacted by Congress to make it illegal for South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana to vote the Democratic ticket—William O. Bradley will be United States Senator from Kentucky March 4, 1909. Let us hope the first thing he shall turn his attention to will be a revision of that speech his brother-in-law, Deboe, made in that body on the inter-oceanic canal.

Kentucky is in sore need of a new crop of Democratic leaders. They must be young men, and, above all, men who have not been involved in the faction quarrels of the past ten years. Unless that is done, Kentucky will become a reliably Republican as Ohio within the next four years. Ollie James and Ben Johnson are young men, and both have kept out of the mess at Frankfort. Owsley Stanley did burn his fingers a little in the devil's broth of faction; but he is a young man of immense popularity and is certain to recover from it. The Democracy would have been all right in the old Commonwealth by this time if Ben Johnson or Ollie James had been elected Senator last January, and doubtless the Legislature is now contrite because it failed to elect one of these at that time.

I understand a movement is on foot to make Ben Johnson chairman of the Democratic State Committee. If that is done, it will mean that the past is dead. It will mean a militant Democracy. It will mean victory in November. It will mean a Democratic Kentucky.

The Democrats are there, all right. All that is necessary is the appointment of a shepherd who can herd them. Let the brethren join in singing the "Ninety-and-nine."

For Children's Amusement.

Children, as a rule, tire much soon of their toys than they do of their playthings which they make themselves out of any oddsments which may be at hand at the moment. If a child possesses sufficient imagination, a lump of modeling clay, a piece of punched cardboard and a needle and thread will take a number of new forms which will satisfactorily occupy lengthy afternoons.



BARON TAKAHIRA.

JUDGE REFEREES FIGHT.

Declares Owner of Dog Can Protect His Property.

Spokane, Wash.—Declaring the shepherd dog killed the bulldog in self-defense and that its owner merely exercised his right in protecting the animal, Police Judge Hinkle dismissed the charge of cruelty to animals laid against George Hepton by Robert Clark, following a long-drawn-out trial at which scores of witnesses were summoned on both sides to testify as to the biting ability and the character of the canines.

This is the first time that the presiding officer of a court of record in eastern Washington has been called upon to referee a dog fight which he did not witness. The evidence showed that the bulldog was the aggressor, attacking the shepherd dog, which was sunning itself on the porch of the Hepton home. Experts on "dogology" were called by the court to testify to the fighting qualities of the two breeds, also which was able to sustain its grip the longer. Opinions varied, but the court held, in a lengthy decision, that neither of the dogs had the advantage until after Hepton interfered, when the bulldog turned tall and fell dead in its tracks, adding: "But for this defendant cannot be held responsible."

Chicken Stealing a Felony.

Jefferson City, Mo.—The law making chicken stealing at any hour of the day or night a felony was held to be valid by an opinion written by Judge Gantt.

Formerly the law was that it was felony only to loot a hen roost during the hours of the night. Then it was amended, making it a felony to lift the proud Missouri hen at any hour. The case came from Boone county, and the defendants were two white men, Burch Johnson and Richard Estes, who were fined \$25 each for stealing some few pullets that belonged to their neighbors. Judge Gantt says the law is valid and constitutional.

Good Work in Aiding Her Sex.

In Bengal Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee lawyer, who some time ago was appointed to an office under the court of wards for the purpose of advising women in certain cases, has been publicly commended by the government for her efficiency. The public commendation carries with it an increase of salary from 200 rupees to 350 rupees a month.

Cantilevia, No. 13480



This fine Stallion will make the seed of the place six miles from Springfield on the Mackville and Springfield turnpike at

\$10 for Horse Colt and \$12 for Mare Colt.

Cols insured to live until weaned

CANTILEVIA is a Bay horse, foaled 1889 by Onward, No. 1411, sire of Onward Silver, and others just as good.

First dam Fanchon, by Hamlin's Almont. 2nd dam by Edwin Forrest, 3rd dam by Star Davis, Thoroughbred.

A lein Retained on colts until season fee is paid or mare parted with. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible should any occur.

"This horse is the sire of some of the best colts in the country. I have one of his colts that has paced a mile in less than 2:20." Yours truly, J. H. Beam,

J. S. SUTTON

CHESTNUT DARE!



CHESTNUT DARE is a Large, Handsome Saddle and Harness Horse with Style, Bone, Substance, Finish and Conformation.

He combines the blood of the Great Chester Dare and the renowned Chief Family. His sire is Chester Dare 10, and his dam by Red Chief, he by Clark Chief, the sire of Harrison Chief, the grand sire of the great Montgomery Chief and Bourbon King.

A test of breeding qualities of a horse is the sale and show ring. As to the sale ring he sired the highest priced lot of colts ever sold in Washington county. As to the show ring, not one of his colts of four seasons have ever been defeated by the colts of any horse owned or farmed in county. They won every tie, blue and red (eight in all) given by the Washington County Fair Association at our last fair. His yearlings won six of the eight ribbons tied in full rings. He sired the winning two-year-old and the 2nd premium three-year-old harness mares in rings of seven entries; while he was shown only twice in saddle and harness rings of eight entries and won easily. Mr. Allen who was selected by the Fair Company, and considered a fair and impartial Judge said his colts of eighteen entries had more style and finish than any lot of colts he ever saw in one ring. A comparison of his rings of colts to those of other horses at our own Fair and other County and State Fairs, I ask the breeders to please notice and consider before breeding elsewhere. He not only produces sellers at weanlings, but sellers and show horses as they advance in age. I again solicit the patronage of all owners of good mares in this and adjoining counties.

This horse will make the present season at my place near Springfield at

\$20 TO INSURE
A LIVING
COLT.

B. B. LEACHMAN

R. F. D. No. 3.

Springfield, Kentucky.

A PERTINENT QUERY.



Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't shot a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Pékham?
Snobson—Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house.
Sportsman—Ever, hit it?

Letter Lies Under Carpet.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The wife of Mayor Stoy has received from a messenger from the city hall a letter, unopened, which was mailed to her more than three years ago. That the letter did not reach her on schedule time is not due to the mayor's memory.

The letter carrier had shoved it under the door of the executive offices and it was buried under the carpet. There it remained until the other day when the carpet was turned up. The postmark on the letter was "Novem ber 12, 1904."

Pay \$40 Apiece for Pennies.

New York.—Record prices were obtained for several rare coins at the sale of the collection of the late Dudley R. Child of Boston. Three penny pieces struck by John Hiley of Great Britain, in 1737, bearing the motto, "Follow me as you please; I cut my way through," brought \$40 each. Massachusetts Pine Tree money dated 1652 ranged from \$1.50 to \$21 apiece. A silver dollar dated 1851 was sold for \$55. A gold piece known as the "Stella," issued as a pattern in 1879, brought \$65.50, the previous high price being \$60.

Senator Clay of Georgia.

Senator Clay of Georgia is one of the tallest men in the senate, and his hair worn standing straight up as the comb of a fighting rooster, makes him appear at least two inches taller than he is. His most distinguished mannerism is the habit of clutching that pompadour wildly with the fingers of his right hand when he becomes excited, as though he intended to lift his scalp from his head.

WHEN YOU WANT printing, you want good printing, and at the right prices. Give the name of the printer the name of the town you would ask for the home merchant—trade at home.

Have You Used



?

If not, then do so when you want a good, satisfactory Paint for all purposes, both inside and outside. Color cards and prices furnished on application.

Strassel-Gans Paint Co.,
INCORPORATED.

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Etc.
215 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

Mambrino

Winchester Boy!

Will make the season of 1908 at my place, at Booker Station, at

\$8.00

To Insure a Colt to Stand and Suck.

Mambrino Winchester Boy is 7-years-old, 16 hands high, black with one white foot. He is a good Saddle and Harness Horse and fine looker.

PEDIGREE:—Mambrino Winchester Boy is by Mambrino Boy, Jr., 6397, the sire of Volo 2:12 and others, and one nacer with a record of 2:29. Mambrino Boy, Jr., by the great Mambrino 2:24. Mambrino Winchester Boy's first dam is by Boyd Winchester, he by Boyd McNara by Snowstorm. A LIEN RETAINED ON ALL COLTS TO SECURE SERVICE FEE.

At the same time and place, and under the same condition as the horse, my fine Jack,

DICK

Will make the season. Dick was sired by Benton Cox's Grey Jack, 16 1/2 hands high. First dam by Caldwell's Imported Pooleto.

FOR HORSE MULE \$6 and \$7 FOR MARE MULE.

Lannas Coulter

Ice! Ice! Ice!

**FOR CASH AND
CASH ONLY.**

500 and 1,000

Pound Coupon Books

For Sale at 10 per cent.

Discount.

**Springfield Water and
Electric Light Co.**

FARMERS' EDUCATIONAL AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION OF AMERICA

What about a Home Industry Club?

Keep the record straight and use the split-log drag.

Did you every try home-owing? It's a good thing to do.

What about a weekly trades' day? It works elsewhere.

When you have absolutely nothing else to do, then talk hard times.

When are you going to have your first open meeting for this year?

Wear your overcoat all summer if necessary, but don't give a mortgage.

Every citizen owes it to himself, his family and his community to own a home.

Plant peanuts, but don't stop at that. Plant Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, corn and some cotton.

The farmer is the primary road-user, and it is up to him to make better roads. Get you a split log drag, and do it now.

You owe it to your country to own your home, and then you owe it to your neighbor to help him to own a home, too.

It is not too early to begin to lay plans for a summer campaign of membership-getting. What are you going to do about it?

The old-fashioned liar is mighty uncommon now. People have learned more sense than to talk about hard times any more.

Serve God and love your neighbor as yourself and keep faith with the Union, and you will have been a mighty busy man.

If you want an absolutely square deal, take the hen and the cow into partnership with you and treat them at least half right.

When you have planted all that it is practicable to raise, you will not have to worry about "over-production" of any crop. See?

The happiest and most contented people on earth are those who own their homes, people who have a place to lay their heads.

The hen is the finest crop on the place, and has the poorest chance, at that. Give the hen a decent show, and you will have the surprise of your life.

The word to inspire every member of the Union for this year ought to be "Progress." This means progress in Union, in Education, progress in action. Are you in on the campaign?

All good Union men are fixing up their yards, so that the passer-by will think that some white man lives at that place. Are you willing to live at a place that will "look like a widow woman's place"?

This is the year that you ought to take up the matter of consolidating your schools and securing bigger and better school houses and larger courses of study and better teachers. What are you going to do about it?

"Plant peanuts" is the slogan in Texas. This is good so far as it goes, but it ought to be good up till it really "plants" peanuts, pigs, poultry, peas, potatoes and prosperity all over the farm, and this need not be taken seriously by Texans only. They need it all over this country.

This is the year you have promised to make your first year. Begin right by becoming so good a Union man that your neighbor, who has been holding off will see the error in his ways, and be constrained to come into the ranks of his brotherhood.

It is still time to plant a few more trees, and as it is just the usual season for selling, there are a lot of good trees at the nurseries that may be had at bargain prices. Better look into this matter.

In the work of the Union, as everywhere else, there are discouragements. Sometimes it seems that people get the "contraries" and seem to take a fiendish delight in doing work that has taken months to accomplish. The consolation thought in this sort of dark times is that this same sort of trouble has come up in the history of all movements for the people. This is a time to take up the ancient Roman maxim: "Nil despondendum," and work on till a new day dawns with clearer skies and balmy breezes.

The main item of cost in the majority of the things that we have to use is transportation. This includes transportation from the field to the home-barn, to the mill, to the store, and to the home of consumer, and the majority of things include all these "hauls." How will you get rid of all this transportation? You can't get rid of all of it, but you can reduce it to such figures that it won't cut you to such. This is by the simple rule of "making a living at home, and living on the living you have at home."

MUST CONTINUE RIGHT.

The following excerpt from the address of President Barrett, at the National meeting at Little Rock in September, is one of the most appropriate things to remember at this the beginning of the new year that we can think of:

"The perpetuity of this organization depends upon the fact that it must continue to be right. We can not afford to be either cruel or unkind. We can not afford to be unjust or insincere. We can not afford to be oppressive or to destroy any of the great agencies of civilization or of progress which surround us. The one clear, crystal thing we must keep in our minds is the fact that we are here to demand and to secure every right and every liberty for ourselves and for our wives and for our children that our numbers and our influence and our importance to the republic will justify."

"But when this is done I am sure that I speak the sentiment of the great and intelligent body over which I preside when I say that we do not wish to curtail the legitimate prosperity of any class of industry, high or low, in the republic. We wish our rights, we demand our privileges, we insist upon our full equality in the privileges of the government and in the conditions of transportation of prices and of representation. But with these accomplished we are and we must continue to be American citizens, standing without malice and without bitterness or narrowness in our own places in the economic and moral life of the republic and recognizing the right of every other class and of every other man to live, and willing in our own minds and with our own hands to help in the prosperity of our fellowmen."

KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT.

Oh, no! When your local was organized the thing was not finished. You were not organized for the purpose of passing a few strong resolutions to bluff the other fellow! But to co-operate with each other for the good of all.

Organization without co-operation is something like spending a lot of time putting on style and losing lots of sleep and other things too tedious to mention, to win your position, an then for the lack of grit and pluck, let some other fellow take the prize.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." You need not fool yourself by thinking that since you have knocked out the bucket shops, bull-raged the cotton speculator, bluffed the New York Cotton Exchange and by-blown the government cotton restraints, that you can retire to your homes in peace and plenty; you must keep at it all the while looking out for the same old enemies to poke out their heads in a new place. Keep your organizations strong and ready to fight, and you need not fear to these snake heads every time they peep out of the bog below.—J. C. Strubling, in Union News.

There is not a land speculator on earth who has been any benefit to the human race in his regular occupation. When a man "makes a good thing" off a piece of land he is simply taking some money that he has done nothing to earn, and which is as much yours or mine, by natural right, as it is his.

When the final analysis is made it will be found that nobody in particular is to blame for the flurry that is now passing over the financial sky. For the past two or three years the pessimistic dyspeptics have been talking of some sort of a coming panic that would be a piece of cake for all time. This has resulted in the staying away-out of the channels of trade—all the available cash. Banks, merchants and individuals have all done this, and the so-called panic is simply the result of an accumulation of foolishness, and never had any real cause in a financial way. It was simply the result of one of those stampedes which no one can account for.

The best place to hold the cotton is on the farm. There should be some sort of a system for keeping a record of the supply, but the farmer has the cotton at a less cost than anybody else, or ought to, and he can best afford, for that reason, if for no other, to do the "slow marketing," which is another name for letting the mill man have it as he needs it.

Injured by having Texas covered with small homes free of encumbrance, instead of the present condition of big land holdings and renters and land notes and interest?—Farmers' Journal.

Encourage the local fairs and the public sales days. In many communities these sales days are used as a means of trading and swapping what you do not need or of trading what you have too much of for something that your neighbor does not want but which is just the thing you have been looking for. The traffic system is the real foundation of all commerce, and as the farmer is the beginning of all wealth, it is proper that he perpetuate the traffic system.

There is no better way to prove your faith in the system than to work along its proposed lines. Get together in your neighborhood and digest all propositions looking to united efforts for the betterment of the methods on the farm, in the school house and at the store. There is wisdom in a multitude of counsel.

Don't let this week pass without your doing something to help in the fight against the machinery and implement trust. Put your wagons and tools under a good shelter and keep them there when get in actual use.

A TRAGEDY

Byron Williams.



Stubble and ME went Hunting today up in the Run girt a terrible way! They was a very big Crowd on the block when we took Stubble up stairs 2 the Doc.

I have seen Bill bag 'em Many a time—he stands away while the other Boys clime up on the top of the Brush with their boots. Then, when the Rabbit runs out, Bill he shoots!

so Stubble cumb on the crest of some brush "Bing!" went a rabbit rite out with a rush!

quick as a Flash I let go with mi load, kicking me Hed over Heels in the Rode! When I got up Stubble, was yelling a lot! "Gracious! It couldn't be true he was shot! he was a holding his hand 2 his side glist when a feller cumb with a ride!" he looked at Stubble and he sed: "He is shot!" Stubble was Moaning a terrible lot. "Tew are 2 young 2 B shooting a gun!"

then we drove off with the Horse on a Run. They was a very big Crowd on the block when we took Stubble up stairs 2 the Doc.

I was a Bollerine 2. Blame it awl, I wouldn't hurt Stubble for Nothing! a tall! pa sed, "Yo out 2 the Shed, sir! Move smart!" Ma sed, "The sifers out in his hart!" I sed 2 pa, "I don't care! Dross me down! Stubble aus the Best friend I had in this town!"

purty soon Bill he cumb in looking glad. "Stubble will live; he hasn't hurt very bad!"

If Stubble's mother will let me come in I will nurse Stubble 'till he's awl well again! I will bring Flowers and Grapes 2 his Bed, reading him tale and a wetting his Hed! down 2 the Store they was joking tone. Granddaddy Jones sed, "Tew're doing awl rite, only next Time yew aim strate at Stubble's head!"

then we will Slawter the Rabbit insted!" Crack! mi nose was awl skinned up 2. I never knew that a Gun Kicked that way!

operations in this county thus far: This farmer states that his nearest neighbor had planned to raise a small crop this year, for home consumption only. This farmer is the father of two boys, aged eleven and thirteen years, upon whom he was relying to cultivate the crop. The boys did not enter into this part of the program with the best of spirits and planned to scare "the old man." Accordingly, one day they cut a lot of limber switches and that night tied them into two bunches and laid them at the front door of the home. On the door they tacked this sign:

"Old man, if you raise any tobacco this year there will be h—l raised here."

"Night Riders." The father watched the operations of the boys and when they retired and were fast asleep, dreaming of the happy days they would spend with rod and line on the creek bank instead of tassing with the worms in a tobacco patch, he stole into their rooms. In the trousers leg of each he deposited a bunch of the switches and on the seats of their pants was attached the following sign:

"Night Riders: Meet me at the barn at 7 o'clock in the morning, when h—l raising will begin."

The appointment was kept, and it caused the mother to devote half a day to patch up the two seats of pants, while nature is still at work patching up two other seats. The man who tel's this story, and who lives not far from town, says that that tobacco bed is the pride of the neighborhood and if it doesn't produce the banner crop it will not be the fault of the youthful "night riders."

SPARROW.

Farmers are very busy preparing for a crop of corn and tobacco. All prospects are very fine for a fruit crop in this locality. Wheat and rye are looking very fine.

After passing through a long and dreary winter it looks like spring has come in earnest.

A. W. Wash, of Sinai, was in our midst last Monday prospecting for a school.

W. R. Moore was at Lawrenceburg last Wednesday on business.

Mrs. Allie Barnett and daughter, Miss Jappa, were in Bloomfield last Thursday.

Rev. H. L. Olmstead filled his regular appointment at old Fairmount last third Sunday and delivered two splen-

did discourses.

R. S. Collins, the sheriff of the county, was at this place one day last week on business.

The new church at old Fairmount will be dedicated the third Sunday in June. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Allie Barnett and daughter, Miss Jappa, spent last Monday night and Tuesday with Mrs. W. C. Cammack.

Miss Vady and Edith Martin spent last Tuesday night with Miss Icie T. Cammack.

Died, at her home, near Vanburen, on March 24, Mrs. Thos. Webb, after suffering several months with consumption. She is survived by her husband and one little girl, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement. The remains were laid to rest the following day in the cemetery at New Liberty.

Makes Them mmune.

R. S. Darnaby, Clintonville, Ky., says: "My hogs were exposed to cholera after they had been cured with Hourbon Hog Cholera Remedy, but it did not effect them in any way." Sold by all druggists.

Uncle Jerry.

"Don't be too hard on the man who is always telling you his troubles," said Uncle Jerry Peebles. "Perhaps it's the only comfort in life the poor fellow has."

Sleep

Sleep is nature's rebuilding period, when the energy used by the brain, muscles and organs is renewed. If you lose sleep, your system is robbed of the strength sleep should give. Continued loss of sleep multiplies this loss until you become a physical wreck. Dr. Miles' Nervine quiets the irritated nerves and brings refreshing, invigorating sleep. Nervine contains no opiates, and therefore leaves no bad after-effects.

"For over two years I suffered untold agonies; my friends thought I was going crazy. I could not sleep for a moment. I tried different doctors, but failed to find relief. My head would ache all the time; I was like one drunk; could not concentrate my mind and was so restless and worried that sleep was out of the question. After taking one bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine I felt wonderfully changed. I am now on my third bottle and am gaining all the time. I can lie down and sleep like a child, and am able to do my work."

MRS. MAY SCOTT, English, Ind. Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DO YOU WANT ONE?

If you have a desire to own a piano we will tell you how to save \$108 on a high-grade, guaranteed instrument. It's well worth your while to investigate our new and economical plan of piano selling. It's not the old way, but our new way. Whether you buy for cash or on payments you will be interested.

Write us today for free booklet; tells you all about it. Gives you information worth knowing.

Montenegro-Riehm Music Co.

INCORPORATED.

628-630 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Kentucky King No. 16448

This Fine Registered Jersey Bull Will stand at the HERTLEIN farm one mile north of Springfield on the Lebanon road \$1.50 at a fever. WITH KITTY PRIVILEGE.

ADOLPH HERTLEIN.

THE SUN AND

	Both papers 1 yr
Bryan's Commoner.....	\$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal in their	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald.....	1.25
Nashville American.....	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer.....	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution.....	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic.....	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe	
Democrat.....	1.75
Three-Week New York World.....	1.75
Home and Farm.....	1.25
American Agriculturist.....	1.75
American Epitome.....	1.50
American Farmer.....	1.50
Breeders' Gazette.....	2.25
Country Gentleman.....	2.00
Farm and Fireside.....	1.35
Farm, Field and Fireside.....	1.75
Review of Reviews.....	3.25
Lippincott's Magazine.....	2.85
Scribner's Magazine.....	4.00
Ledger Monthly.....	1.75
Harper's Magazine.....	4.35
Harper's Weekly.....	4.35
Sunway South.....	1.50

CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—

LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year.....	\$5.00
The Sun and The Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday).....	6.40
The Sun and The Louisville Herald.....	8.20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week.....	3.75
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three months in the week, six months.....	2.30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year.....	2.80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year.....	8.25
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year.....	4.40

The Sun and Daily Kentucky State Journal, both one year \$4

Too Much Fishing.

If the American boy can go fishing three or four times a year he thinks he is having a good time of it, but an American missionary in China says that Chinese boys whose parents live near the water begin fishing when four years old and put in at least 300 days a year at it. They have to do it for a living. When the fish don't bite the boy is apt to come in for a licking.

The GENUINE Brown Cultivator!

Easily Operated and Most Up-to-Date Cultivator on the Market Today.

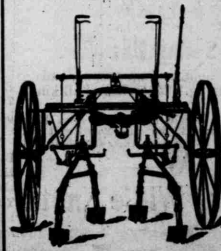
Both Disc and Shovel Styles. Parallel Beams & Spring Traps.

Mr. Dealer—Call on your Customer, a pleased customer upon your best advertisement. Mr. Farmer—If you want to get rid of the blues take a BROWN. We are State Agents for Studebaker Wagons, Oliver, Sulky and Breaking Plows, Thomas Drills, Rakes and Disc Harrows, Lann all Steel Smoothing Harrows and Land Rollers. Write for Catalogues.

A FULL LINE OF FIELD SEEDS.

Lewis & Chambers.

[16-3m] Louisville, Ky.



Opening Friday and Saturday, April 10 and 11.
WILLIAMS, Millinery.

The Robertson-Claybrooke Co. Incorporated



Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. E. N. Hundley, of Lebanon, was here Monday.

—Mr. J. W. Riedel was in Bardstown Monday.

—Fire Marshal Neikirk spent Sunday at home.

—Mr. Ben Powell is able to be out again, after a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Mr. C. L. Price and Miss Mabel Price are in Bardstown to day.

—Miss Miranda Tucker will leave next Monday for Fredrick, Oklahoma, to spend a year with her brother.

—Mrs. Ella Montgomery and Miss Zula Nally were in Louisville several days last week.

—Mrs. T. J. Nally returned to her home near Bardstown Monday, after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Ella Montgomery.

—Miss Mae Bell Gibbs is at home from school at Harrodsburg to spend a few days.

—Mr. C. D. Rodman, of Louisville, is here this week on business.

—Mr. Paul South, of Frankfort, is here to spend a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Boblitt are in Bardstown to-day to see Mr. Boblitt's brother, Mr. Ed Boblitt, who is very ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Wimsatt and children and Miss Alice Hayton will leave next week for Louisville, where they will make their future home.

—Miss Acquin Montgomery has returned to her home in Louisville, after a visit to Mrs. G. E. Medley.

—Mr. Lee Boblitt has returned to his home in Auburn, Ill., after spending a week with relatives here.

—Mrs. John Taylor, of Louisville, is visiting her brother, Mr. Hugh Noe.

—Mr. G. A. Curry, of Harrodsburg, spent last Friday at the home of Mr. E. S. Mayes, Sr.

—Mr. H. M. Grundy was at Wakefield Sunday.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, of Indianapolis, is visiting friends and relatives here.

—Mr. James M. Smith, of near town, is in Lexington on business.

—Mrs. Matt Mayes and son have returned from Cincinnati and Covington.

—Misses Bettie and Jennie Coken-dolpher, of Chapin, are visiting at the home of Attorney Fred Grigaby.

—Rev. P. F. Hennessy was in Bardstown last week.

—Miss Mabel Thompson, of Pleasant Grove, spent last week with Miss Fannie McElroy.

—Miss Althaire Medley has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Louisville.

—Misses Mary Haydon and Anna J. Simms were in Lebanon last Thursday.

—Mrs. Teresa Hagan and Miss Margaret Hagan have returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Lebanon.

—Miss Mary Lampton was in Louisville Monday to hear Paderewski.

—Mrs. Nannie Drye and children, of Lebanon, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Sam Tucker and family.

—Mr. Ham Hardesty, of Lebanon, was in town Tuesday.

—Mr. Tom Edelen, of Louisville, is spending a few days with his sisters, Misses Kate and Carrie Edelen.

—Miss Lill Anderson, of Danville, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. M. O'Nan.

—Mr. Earl Thompson, of Louisville, was here last Saturday.

—Mrs. C. H. McIntire and children returned home Sunday, after a several weeks' visit to friends and relatives in Meade county.

—Mr. Oliver Johnson, of Lebanon, was here Tuesday.

—Miss Carrie Edelen has returned from Louisville, where she was called by the illness of her brother.

—The two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Boswell, who have been quite ill of pneumonia, are improving.

—Mrs. Mary L. Durrett is in Lexington visiting her son, Maurie, who is attending State College.

—Mr. Robt. Mayes, who is in College at Lexington, spent a few days here last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott Mayes.

—Mrs. J. H. Wycoff, of Mackville, has returned from Louisville, where she has been purchasing her spring millinery.

—Hon. and Mrs. T. Scott Mayes are in Washington City to spend several days.

GREAT AND ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY OF New SPRING GOODS

At Cunningham, Duncan & Co.'s.

AS USUAL we are Offering to the trade an Up-to-Date and Complete line of Spring Goods, and have made Prices that the buyer will at once recognize as being low. We invite you to come to see us, and we believe you will after you have given attention to the prices quoted below.

Read the Following Prices and Let Us Save You Money

Dress Goods.

Plain and Fancy Voils, worth \$1.25, for.....	\$1.00
Crape Cloth, worth \$1.25, for.....	1.00
All Wool Dragonals worth \$1.35 for.....	1.00
42 inch Albatross, worth 75c.....	.50
40 inch Voils, worth 65c.....	.50
40 inch Serge, worth 65c.....	.50
44 inch Mohair, worth 75c, for.....	.50
Black Alman's Voils, worth \$1.75, for.....	1.25
54 inch Black Sicilians, worth \$1.25, for.....	.90

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES In Great Varieties.

MATCH SETS IN Jaconet, Swiss and Nansook Embroideries.

—Special Prices on— TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS AND TOWELS.

White Goods and Wash Goods.

36 inch Linen Suitings, worth 40c, for.....	25c
Colored Linen Suitings, worth 50c, for.....	35c
Check and Plaid Linen Suitings, worth 75c, for.....	50c
90 inch Linen Sheeting, worth \$1.25, for.....	95c
Persian Lawn, worth 50c, for.....	35c
Embroidered Swisses, worth 75c, for.....	50c
48 inch Swiss Batiste, worth 75c, for.....	50c
White and Colored German Linens, worth 35c, for.....	20c
36 inch Linen Chambray, worth 25c, for.....	17 1/2c

Clothing.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits, the Best Men's Suits Manufactured. Every Suit Guaranteed.

\$18 to \$30.

Mock Bruman & Co.'s "WELLWORTH" Suits ranging in prices from
\$7.50 to \$20.

H. A. Seinsheimer & Co.'s "PERFECTION" Suits for Youths, Boys and Children always reliable and up-to-date and prices are right.



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Shoes.

We are showing the most up-to-date line of Men's Fine Shoes we have ever shown.

J. Florsheim & Co.'s Shoes in Patent, Gun Metal and Tan. Buttons, Bals and Oxfords.

\$4.50 & \$5.

W. L. Douglas Co.'s Patent, Gun Metal and Tan. Button, Bal and Oxfords.

\$2.50 to \$3.50.

Krippendorf-Dittman Co.'s Fine Shoes for Women. Patent and Tan in Bals and Buttons. Patent, Tan and Black and Tan Coza Kid in Oxfords and Fancy Ties.

You should inspect our stock of Shoes before buying.



Look for Name in Strap

THE ARGYLE

CHERAL PATENT COLT BUTTON BOOT

The Shoe Makes the Foot



To obtain the best appearance, the most up-to-date Style and the most durable Service, the shoe to wear is the Florsheim Shoe.

Most Styles, \$5 & \$6

Gloves.

20 inch Black and White Silk Gloves.....	\$1.50
20 inch Black, White and Tan Lisle Gloves.....	1.00
16 inch Black and White Silk Gloves.....	1.00
2 Clasp Double Tip Silk Gloves.....	.75
2 Clasp Silk Taffeta Gloves.....	.50
16 Button Black and Colored Kid Gloves.....	
12 Button Colored Kid Gloves.....	

Shirts.

We have the exclusive sale of Geo. P. Ide & Co.'s famous Shirts at

\$1.00.

Equals any \$1.25 and many \$1.50 Shirts in the market. Call and see the great variety of Styles we have in them.

Petticoats, Etc.

\$7.00 Silk Petticoats.....	\$5.00
\$3.00 Heather Bloom Skirts.....	2.00
\$2.50 Mercerized Petticoats.....	1.50
SILK SHIRT WAISTS ranging in price from.....	\$3.50 to \$7.50
WHITE MUSLIN WAISTS from.....	50c to \$2.00

Our Carpet Stock is Complete.

Axminsters, worth \$1.35, for.....	\$1.15
Velvets, worth \$1.25, for.....	\$1.00
Tapestries, worth \$1.00, for.....	.85c
Ingains.....	.75c, 85c, 90c, 40c and 35c
Eight hundred yards Linoleums, worth 60c, for.....	50c
Four Thousand Yards Matting from.....	12c to 40c

Twelve thousand Rolls Wall Paper in a Great Variety of the newest Designs and Combinations from
4c to 35c Per Roll

Five Hundred Pair Lace Curtains at
50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up to \$6.00 Pair

Cunningham, Duncan & Co. Springfield, Kentucky.

—Mr. John I. Claybrooke, who is traveling for the Experimental Station of State College, is at home for a few days.

—Mr. J. R. Claybrooke and family, who spent the winter in Springfield, have returned to their farm near Texas.

—Rev. G. W. Lyon is away from home this week assisting in a protracted meeting at Upton, Ky.

—Messrs. J. C. and Ed. Butler, of Huntsville, Ala., are here to spend several days with their sister, Mrs. W. D. Claybrooke, at the Walton Hotel.

—Mr. Will R. Sealeman was in Louisville Sunday.

—Mr. W. A. McIlvoy, of Monticello, Ill., who has been in the county for two weeks visiting his mother and relatives at Willsburg, returned home last Saturday. Mr. McIlvoy was reared

here, but left here about fifteen years ago.

Fifth Sunday Meeting.

The Fifth Sunday meeting of the Central Church Association of Baptist was held in the Baptist church here last Saturday, and was an unusually interesting and profitable meeting. The program was as follows:
9:30-10:30—Discussion of the Fields.

9:45-10—Joseph Piani, Papal Fields.
10-10:15—J. H. Barber, Japan.
10:15-10:30—C. A. Leonard, Africa.
10:30-10:45—J. C. Owen, China.
10:45-11:15—Bro. Evan Rogers, Layman's Movement.
11:15-12—Joseph Piani, address, "My Conversion."
12:1—Dinner.
1:1-1:30—District Board Meeting.
1:30-2—The World for Christ.
1. What remains to be done.—J. H. Barber.
2. Can we do it.—J. C. Owen.

3. Will we do it?—A. A. Langston.
On Friday night, Rev. Mr. Owen, of Louisville, filled the pulpit at the Baptist church, delivering an unusually strong sermon. He also delivered an interesting sermon Sunday morning and an address in the afternoon.
At the morning meeting \$375 was subscribed for missions. The donations for missions have increased two or three fold since Mr. Williams has been or of the church here.

The Town That Lost Itself

By HUGH PENDEXTER

(Copyright.)

There is in northern Vermont, on the edge of Essex county, a small settlement, remote from railroads and highways. This village is now reveling in and pondering over a wealth of newly acquired information, due to the careless coming of Tiberius Smith to that section of the country.

While listening to Billy Campbell's stories of Smith's doings in other climes and becoming accustomed to view him only as an exponent of the unique, I would not have believed it were possible for even his energetic soul to extract aught by prosaicism from a New England jaunt.

I had been mentioning some quiet old spots in the midst of our intense civilization, and had described one or two villages that slumber peacefully, undisturbed by their close proximity to large cities.

Billy smiled tolerantly as he lolled back in my easiest chair. As I finished my humble effort, he remarked:

"That's nothing. I know a place on the northern edge of Vermont that pays no taxes, and is not down on the map. You'd never find it except by accident. It has successfully shut itself off from the outside world for more than 40 years, and has stood at a standstill during that period.

"It wouldn't know a postoffice or a telephone if it met them in the street, and to this day it probably doubts whether it is in Canada or the states. It was there that Tiberius and I discovered what we called the stay-at-home germ. Into that quiet eddy Tiberius sailed last summer, a modern Columbus, heavily freighted with gold bricks.

"Our going was an accident, as we were on a simple fishing trip. Tib came from Vermont, you know, and has seen less of that state than any other in the union. Yet when we were jumping from one town to another, he was always lamenting his inability to visit the Green mountains. But one night Tib's manager bolted with the leading skis; ditto the season's profits; and we were left high and dry with only roses to eat.

"That's how we happened to go home. I call Vermont my home, you know, as I never had any home, and Tib swore I was a Green mountain boy by adoption. It didn't cost us much to live there, but Tib was disappointed because the citizens didn't meet him at the station.

"In fact, I couldn't see as he knew any one in the state. Then he confessed that his parents had moved away from Bellows Falls when he was three years old, but he was positive. If we went north and tarried in the older centers of civilization, we'd find hosts of people who would remember his family. So we passed from one joint to another, discovering many Smiths, but not his Smiths. Then we passed the northern limits of civilization, and nothing would do but we must drill over the hills to ward Canada.

"We hiked on until we came to a range of knobs that aren't down on the map. Tib thought it was the boundary. It was tough to climb, but at sundown we reached the top where we pitched a small shelter tent and camped for the night.

"In the morning we beheld a small settlement of rudely constructed houses, sleeping in a cup-like depression. "It isn't on the time-tables," murmured Tib; "and yet human beings dwell therein. We'll go down."

"Utterly fagged-out, we struck the burg late in the afternoon and found it to be a lost town, the habitat of the stay-at-home germ. I doubt if the United States can furnish similar conditions, ransack its borders as you will, dwell therein. We'll go down."

"The very air seemed ancient and comelous, as we looked on the houses, built large of logs, and observed that the inhabitants who came out to meet us were garbed in the styles of half a century back.

"I should say we were two seamy-sh Rip Van Winkles and that this were a dress rehearsal," observed Tib as he gravely bowed to an ancient masterpiece whose face was covered with a luxuriant growth of breakfast food.

"The white-whiskered tease eyed us in surprise, and at last asked:

"Not French? You must have wandered far from your course to get here."

"Tib told him how we'd been fishing, and were strangers to the country, how we were tired of the world and would like to rest a bit.

"If you stay you'll go back and tell what you've seen and a crowd of curious folks will be tramping up here to look us over," objected a younger man.

"Silence, Reuben; let me talk to the strangers," commanded grandpa sternly, and the other slunk back abashed.

"I was surprised. The respect for gray hairs, I've noticed, is not as strong to-day as it was in the Rollo books.

Then the old man drew Tib aside

"I reckon he considered my striped shirt to be too frivolous—and conversed earnestly with him for some time. Tib then joined his hat over his right ear, and I knew by that old familiar sign that he had agreed to something unusual.

"Let me hold discourse with my friend," I heard him say. Then to me he whispered: "If we can be mean enough to deal a few pictures from the bottom of the deck, we can make up what the manager appropriated, I believe. List! This town is bedridden. Hasn't seen any one but French and halfbreeds since the trifling days '51. They'll use us well if we agree to stay through the summer."

"But why stay?" I mumbled, utterly at loss to comprehend any advantage in so doing.

"To earn a livelihood," explained Tib. "You antique migrated here when the civil war broke out. Did it to escape the draft. He and a bunch of companions with their women folks settled down in this well, believing they were in Canada. He's the only original forebear alive. They've never written a letter or received a letter or a newspaper since coming here. Hence the newer generation is in plumb darkness as to the events of the last 42 years. You see, the first batch of settlers was so opposed to being discovered and drafted that they never left the valley."

"But what's that to us?" I gasped, much perplexed at the situation.

"Well," murmured Tib, "it seems curiosity still remains. The mother in 'em, I guess. The French and halfbreeds the mother of nothing of what's gone on, or is going on, in the states; and consequently they are hard up for news, about a half century behind. When they came here, one of their number bought a small hand-press, and they obtained paper. Tib looked down on their neighbors as an inferior race, their brains panned out far below the average. They had stagnated and intermarried so long that to deceive 'em was as easy as stealing things out of a Christmas tree. Tib greatly relished creating sensations, and one week he sprang an extra in which incredible feats of valor were accorded to both armies. The north and south were clinched, hitting with one arm free.

"His description of the battlefield was the fiercest thing I ever saw, aside a gilded ten-cent novel. He invented names of men and even states, and at the windup proclaimed in circus type that England was about to declare war against the north.

"My boy," he explained with enthusiasm, "what we want is a universal war. It pleases 'em to think every one is fighting and that this is the only quiet spot on earth. Each battle redoubles their sense of security and isolation. It's our duty to make 'em happy. Besides, the more characters in the play, the more scope you have. Nothing hampers a man so as facts. Get above stupid facts and make history. Now, if I were you, I'd ring in an army of Chinese assailing Jersey City. That will dovetail in with my chapter. Make the Chinks and English allies."

"Shortly after that, Tib came to me and said:

"That last edition touched 'em, and touched 'em deeply, sir. Now, to thoroughly interest 'em, we must bring the danger nearer, and then, by dispelling it, we'll earn their everlasting thanks. Home Hollow must be threatened by an invasion."

"Well, I got out a 'Very Special War Extra,' telling the fearful news. Hang me if it didn't 'brush 'em off their feet. The women wept and hid their children, while the men scuttled off to the thick woods whispering 'draft' to each other.

"So, strangely, does fear operate that the most ardent coward in the hollow stole off to mount the granite wall to penetrate the valley beyond. No man in Home Hollow had ever done this before, but the spy was irresistibly drawn to know the worst. I saw him set off, and at once decided to fade through the bushes in silent pursuit. Tib was absent in some other part of the village, so my going was unknown to anyone.

"Well, the man crept up the rugged, peaceful slope as if he were trying to sneak by a party of Indians on the warpath. I kept him in sight until he reached the top. Then I saw him throw up his hands and sink to the ground. It scared me, I'll admit. I had been writing wily stuff so long that I was quite hysterical. At last I made a detour and crawled up to him. Hang me if he wasn't reading a portion of a newspaper that Tib had discarded from the sweat band of his hat when we first sighted the burg. As he read I could hear grunts of surprise and exclamations of anger. I recognized him as Reuben, the young man who had originally objected to our tarrying in the hollow.

"The bearers are veterans of the north an' south. The men who'd fought under an 'agin him bared their heads in mutual sorrow an' respect, he slowly spelled out, and I realized he had hit upon a description of some military funeral. The strife

"You see, they'd lost all idea of time. I was the only one who appreciated the all-absorbing interest the civil war excited. Those people simply hung around from one day to another, waiting for the paper to leave the dinky, squeaking press. It was a mere leaf, all right, but it was a leaf with hickory staff clutched in his withered hand, loafed in our office from morning until night. Tib and I had to stand out in the middle of the grass-grown lane when we wished to lay our plans.

"What shall we give 'em next?" I inquired.

"Capture of Fort Donelson," suggested Tib.

"That was before the naval engagement, I believe," I objected.

"We're not fishing 'em," reminded my leader. "But if you are benevolent, and desire to observe a strict sequence of events, give 'em the Peninsula campaign."

"Watch This Space Next Week"

Advertisements discredit the business sagacity of the man who signs his name to them. We have been in the newspaper business over seventeen years, but can not remember ever having carried an advertisement like the above in our columns. It is too much like holding up the merchant. Of course, if a man buys a space and insists that "Watch This Space Next Week" be used, we will—reluctantly—carry out his order, but we will do so knowing that he is not getting value received. If he should insist that this be done often we would refuse to sell him space, because advertising space used in such a reckless manner makes it appear that the medium of advertising is not a good one, and that the man who is doing the advertising is "just trying to use up the space he has bought."

The Sun is a Valuable Advertising Medium

Because it goes into the homes of people in Washington County who have money to spend. As a "convincer" that the above statement is true

Try an Ad. For Four Weeks.

FOR THAT PERIOD WE WILL GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF OUR YEARLY RATE. BUT YOU MUST AGREE TO

.. "SAY SOMETHING" ..

In the ad. that "means something"—something that will attract the attention of the reader, and convince him that you are in earnest and that you can really give him a bargain.

"I don't remember much about this campaign, but I fooled up some names, gave a list of 20 killed, and let it go. It took like hot cakes. They didn't mind paying over the gold; it was the least valuable of their possessions. If we'd asked for potatoes they'd have copped us to lose, I reckon.

"The head of each family was responsible for his children's education, and could read and write. Although they looked down on their neighbors as an inferior race, their brains panned out far below the average. They had stagnated and intermarried so long that to deceive 'em was as easy as stealing things out of a Christmas tree. Tib greatly relished creating sensations, and one week he sprang an extra in which incredible feats of valor were accorded to both armies. The north and south were clinched, hitting with one arm free.

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an arker of '61 was no more," he continued. "The last few survivors of the blue an' the gray hobbled slowly along an' were brothers."

"Then it sunk into my brain that he had discovered our hoax and knew that the civil war had ended."

"With great stealth I made a bee-line for the settlement, where I found Tib explaining the general situation to his amazed whiskers, the deacon. Clutching his arm, I tore him away, saying to the old man it was important war news. Once inside, I whispered in my editor's ear that the game was up, and that freedom beckoned down the line.

"Tib quickly secured our small stock of gold, and stealing out among the bushes, we made for the mountain. Soon we heard a great crackling of underbrush ahead of us. Drawing aside, we had the pleasure of seeing the scout making for the village, waving the fragment of the newspaper and crying loudly as he went.

"It's farewell to the Tiberian Weekly," sighed Tib.

"It's us to the mighty highlands," I added, and on we went.

"Back of us we could hear a great outcry, but as we neared the top of the rocks it died away. It was now all right, and Tib paused and pointed back, where the dusk was chasing 'look about the lowlands, and groaned: 'Look! They burn their only monument of liberty. They squelch the freedom of the press!'

"A bright blaze told where the office of the Tiberian Weekly was being sacrificed on the altar of an outraged people.

"And so we left 'em. Tib always said he was going back to square himself, but he never has. Whether they still live secluded and unknown in Home Hollow I do not know. I do know that somewhere up there on the northern edge of Essex county is a community that waited nearly half a century for Tiberius Smith to inform 'em that the civil war is a closed incident."

SEES VIRTUE IN THE PADDLE.

Oregon Newspaper Sounds Praises of Corrective Implement.

If boys must be flogged, the paddle seems to be an almost divinely appointed implement to do it with. That area of the body which it most aptly fits is not very susceptible to mortal wounds; it has merely a sufficiency of nerves to unlock penitential tears by their tingling, when temperately flagellated; and the bones which it contains are so abundantly swathed about with muscular tissue that there is no danger of breaking them. It is fashionable in these degenerate days to deny the hand of Providence in arranging the affairs of the world; but if there is one piece of evidence more convincing than another that the Almighty actually did fit this and that together and adapt one thing to another in our mundane sphere, it is the perfect adaptation of this portion of a boy's body to receive impulsive stimulation from a paddle.

But must boys be flogged? What is the ultimate effect of padding upon the boy himself and upon the teacher, whom paddle and paddles, to borrow a legal terminology? In the opinion of the Oregonian, the paddle is distinctly and unequivocally a means of grace. It edifies not only the physical and intellectual parts of the boy, but also his soul. Many an unruly youth, apparently foredoomed to perdition and predestinated to wrath, has been slunked like a brand from the burning by a regenerative paddling. The world is full of men of light and leading whom Satan thought he had bought on a cap and issued at the instance of Miss Evelyn May Moss, who has brought suit for \$5,000 breach of promise to marry, filed his answer.

He admits a marriage engagement, but contends that after he had secured a firm in Beaver county and arranged for its occupancy she refused to marry him.

"She said she would not go down there and milk cows all her life," says Hepler. He claims that when another marriage arrangement had been made Miss Moss refused to allow the ceremony to be performed unless "she carried the pocketbook and handled the funds."

"And this was asking too much," says Hepler.

Depew as Side Show Attraction. Senator Depew made a speech in support of the Alaska-Seattle exposition bill, in which he said that while serving as orator of the day at the Omaha exposition he went into a side show, which soon filled up, and he learned that the barker had been shouting through a megaphone, "Come in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the orator of the day, only ten cents."

Give Money to Fight White Plague. The largest contribution by one person to the fund for the prevention and relief of consumption in this country was made by a woman, Mrs. Grace Leattie, said to be the richest woman in Missouri, has given \$200,000 to the St. Louis society that devotes its energies to the prevention and cure of the white plague.

Poultry Raising Pays.

Now is the time of year to feed your fowls a good tonic. R4-11-44 cures Cholera, Roup, Gapes and Limberneck. When fed as a preventive it not only keeps them healthy but makes them lay. Give each sick fowl 3 to 5 drops three times a day. As a preventive feed it in the feed three or four times a week. Turkeys require a smaller dose. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson, Druggists.

EGGS For Sale!

PEKIN DUCK EGGS, (Stock from Mrs. B. F. Jackson.) INDIAN RUNNER DUCK EGGS and WHITE EMB-DEN GOOSE EGGS, (stock from Mrs. B. F. Jackson) AT

10c Each.

Mammoth Bronze Turkey Eggs, (Mrs. Wright Straine)

12-1-2c Each.

Pen is headed by a Tom from Logan county, purchased of R. J. Burr.

BUFF ORPINGTON and S. C. WHITE LEGHORN EGGS,

\$1.00 FOR SETTING OF 15

T. E. BALLARD, Springfield, Ky.

R. F. D. No. 5.

Commissioner's Sale!

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

J. R. Harmon, et al., Plaintiffs, vs. W. O. Harmon, et al., Defendants, Equity.

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court, rendered at the October term thereof, 1907, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale on the premises about the hour of 1:30 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908,

upon a credit of one, two and three years. The land to be sold is near Mackville, and situated in Washington county, Ky., and is bounded as follows:

Beginning at a stone corner to dower in John B. Lister's line, thence N. 33° E. 107 poles to a Beech tree, thence N. 28° E. 74 poles to a stone in Josh Turney's line on said branch, thence with Turney's line N. 57° W. 99 poles to a stone on the West side of the road, corner to the heirs, thence S. 31° E. 47 poles to a stone, thence S. 31° E. 41.20 poles to a Walnut stump, thence S. 33° W. 26 poles to a Beech tree, thence S. 32° W. 66 poles to a stone corner to dower, thence S. 57° W. 109 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred and twenty-two (122) acres. This farm is said to be one of the best farms in Washington county, fine tobacco land, close to schools and church.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties, must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. A lien will be retained on land for which bond is executed. Bidders will be required to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

The Best Bargain

In reading matter that your money can buy is your local paper. It keeps you posted on the doings of the community.

This Paper

will tell you the things you want to know in an entertaining way; will give you all the news of the community; its every vital will prove a pleasure; it gives more than full value for the price asked for it.

We Print Sale Bills

AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

and we can handle all lines of job printing. It makes no difference how large or small the job may be. Call at this office and look over our samples of letter heads, envelopes, business cards and wedding stationery. You'll be pleased with our work, and prices will suit.

Best Work... Most Reasonable Prices

CONQUER HIGH PEAK

TWO AMERICANS SCALE MOUNT
ORIZABA, MEXICO.Accomplish Feat Attempted Unsuccess-
fully Numerous Times by German,
French and English Tourists
—Float Stars and Stripes.El Paso, Tex.—Two daring Amer-
icans, J. Frederick Shepard and
Charles C. Nichols, Jr., both of New
York city, have made the ascent of the
rugged mountain at Orizaba, Mexico,
and discovered the old flag pole and
a few torn remnants of the flag
which Gen. Scott's men had planted 50
years ago.The first ascension of Mount Ori-
zaba of which there is any record was
made by a party of Americans in 1848.
These intrepid climbers belonged to
the army of Gen. Scott, which was
making its way from Vera Cruz to the
City of Mexico. They planted upon the
summit of the large mountain a
large American flag, and upon the
staff which upheld the colors of the
republic to the north was carried the
date the ascension was made.Mount Orizaba is 18,224 feet above
sea level. It is next to the highest
mountain upon the continent, being
surpassed only by Mount McKinley.
Its summit has been gained by but
few people. The Indians who make
their home near its base have a su-
perstitious reverence for the snow
which perpetually covers the peaks of
the mountain. On account of this fear
that something terrible should befall
them if they should come into contact
with the snow it is impossible for
climbers to obtain the services of
guides farther than the snow line. The
remainder of the journey is full of
dangers and requires the use of ropes
and the exercise of the greatest care
in getting over the more difficult
places. In the absence of guides few
men are daring enough to undertake
the trip.The success which Messrs. Shepard
and Nichols recently scored in reaching
the summit was all the more remark-
able from the fact that it was a com-
petitive adventure in which the United
States, England, Germany and France
were represented. Those who set out
to perform the feat were Messrs.
Shepard and Nichols; four German
naval officers whose training ship was
in port at Vera Cruz for a brief stay;
two French tourists and two English
scientists.The start of this journey was made
from the City of Mexico. They were
all well equipped to make the hard
journey but when they had reached a
point near the perpetual snow line
they encountered a terrible storm of
sleet and snow. The sun was so
blinding that the different members of
the party became separated. The two
Americans managed to remain to-
gether, and when they emerged from
the cloud or mass of snow which
filled the air they found that none of
the other members of the party was
in sight.Below them lay the cloud in which
they had been enveloped. The sun
shone brilliantly above and the scene
was an inspiring one, they say. The
cloud billowed and tossed like a tem-
pestuous sea, but above its disturbed
surface all was bright and serene.The Americans continued to climb
upward until they had reached the pin-
acle of the mountain. The guides
had deserted them far below and they
had to exercise their own judgment
as to the path to be trodden through
the deep snow. The sides of the
cone for the last few hundred feet are
remarkably symmetrical.The daring adventurers carried with
them two large flags, one the colors
of the United States and the other that
of Mexico. They planted these flags
upon the summit, and after spending
a short time taking in the grand view,
which had by this time been left ex-
posed by the clearing of the clouds,
they started on their downward jour-
ney. The descent was quickly made,
it taking them only 30 minutes to
cover the distance that they had spent
ten hours and thirty minutes to climb.The other members of the party
made a brave effort to reach the sum-
mit of the mountain. The Germans
gained a point within 200 feet of the
top, when they were all forced to
give up further effort on account of
complete exhaustion. It was with dif-
ficulty that they made their way down
the sides of the mountain to the
rest camp, so overcome were they
with the altitude and the exertion. The
two English scientists reached a point
12,000 feet above the sea level, and the
French tourists were able to go only
a little below the snow line.Fell So Hard Can't Sleep.
Spokane, Wash.—F. W. Middaugh,
a newspaper reporter, filed a claim for
\$150 damages against the city with
the city clerk. Middaugh says on Janu-
ary 16 he fell on a sidewalk at
Sprague avenue and Post street, which
is alleged to be defective, sustaining
injuries which are permanent, and
which prevent him from sleeping.Although the complainant says he
has been damaged to the extent of
\$800, he is willing to settle with the
city for \$150.Town with \$30,000 License.
Atlanta, Ga.—Waycross, Ga., with a
population of 9,000, has no poorhouse,
one out of ten of the white popula-
tion own their homes and 98 per cent.
of the children attend school.Incidentally it may be stated that
the saloon license has annually for the
last 16 years been fixed at \$30,000—
and no one has offered to pay the
amount for the privilege of opening a
saloon.Jesus the
Good ShepherdSunday School Lesson for April 5, 1908
Specially Prepared for This PaperLESSON TEXT.—John 10:1-18. Memory
verse 5.GOLDEN TEXT.—"The good shepherd
gives his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.
TIME.—September, A. D. 29, at the feast
of tabernacles (John 7:2). Some commen-
tators, however, consider that John 8:12-19
took place at the feast of dedication
(John 10:22) in November. The latter
part of the third year of Jesus' public
ministry.PLACE.—Jerusalem. On the second
supposition as to time, the exact place
was Solomon's porch, on the east side of
the temple. Jesus with His audience
might have seen the shepherds gathering
their scattered flocks if they grazed out
from the courts of the temple over the
neighboring hills.—Public Commentary.PERSONS.—Probably the blind man
whom Christ had just healed, some of
Christ's disciples, and some of the Pharisees.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Twofold Parable: the Fold, the
Shepherd.—Vs. 1-6. First let us try
to put ourselves back among the
sheepfolds of Christ's time. How were
they arranged? "The fold was a walled
enclosure open to the sky, with a
solid door, which was closely barred
at night by the doorkeeper, and opened
by him in the morning, when the shep-
herds came to claim their sheep,
which they had left in the fold the
previous evening, in order to lead out
to pasture."—Century Bible. The door-
keeper, or "porter," would know that
anyone found climbing in over the
wall was "a thief" (a sneak thief), or
"a robber" (a more violent rascal).
The Twofold Interpretation of the
Parable.—Vs. 7-18. What double mean-
ing did Christ draw from the parable?
He was the Door (v. 7) and the Shep-
herd (v. 11). Why did he run the
risk of confusing his hearers? Because
truth is so many-sided, and Christ
means so much to men, that many
comparisons are needed to picture it
all.First Analogy: Christ, the Door
(vs. 7-9). How is Christ like the door
of a fold? Through him alone can
men enter into the peace and safety
that a fold implies—safety from the
ravaging beasts of sin, peace in the
consciousness of safety. Through the
door, too, they go out (v. 9) into the
"pasture." "What am I doo' fo', any-
how? Jes' to shet yo' out, jes' to shet
yo' in' or to let yo' thro'. Jesus am de
Doo'; de way into de Kingdom; an
he am de Doo', de way out into life.
He sho' did say, 'If yo' enters in by
me, yo' shall be saved—no evil can
git by de Doo' Jesus. 'An' yo' shall go
out an' in.' Honey, dat am de freedom
what he am all de time promisin'!"
"An' yo' shall find pasture." Dat am de
fullness of life what he am all de time
telling 'bout. When yo' passes out an'
when yo' passes in, yo' sho' nuf has
pass right by de Mastab, and look
him plum squar' in de eyes.—J. W.
Lawrence. "Go in and out," was a
phrase familiar to the Jews. See
Deut. 28: 6; Psa. 121: 8; Jer. 37: 4.Why did Christ say he was the
door of the sheep, rather than "of the
fold"? Because Christ was thinking of
his individual followers, the sheep,
rather than of the fold, his church.
He is the door of both.Who were those that came before
Christ, the thieves and robbers, whom
the sheep did not hear? Not the
prophets, who humbly pointed forward
to Christ, but the Jewish leaders of
the time, just before Christ, and
especially the Pharisees. They had laid
many heavy burdens upon the people,
who had been compelled to obey the
severe requirements of formal religion,
but their hearts never yielded to these
false leaders, "the sheep did not hear
them."Second Analogy: Christ, the Shep-
herd (vs. 10-18, 22-30). As opposed to
the Pharisees' wrong way of enter-
ing the Kingdom, Christ was the
Door; but as opposed to the charac-
ter of the Pharisees, he was the Shep-
herd. "As mediator between God and
man, he is the Door; as prophet or
teacher, he is the Good Shepherd."—
James M. Macdonald, D. D. This is a
frequent metaphor of the Old Testam-
ent, applied to God and to God's
honored servants (Num. 27: 15-21;
Psa. 23: 80; 1 Isa. 40: 11; Jer. 23:
4; Ezek. 34: 11-16; Zech. 11: 4-17).
Homer often speaks of his kings and
leaders as shepherds; see also Plato's
Republic, Book I. The figure has
impressed itself deeply on the mind
of Christendom, and is conspicuous
in the art and literature of the
churches. It is still the emblem of the
Christian ministry, from the office of
the bishop, with his pastoral staff, to
that of the village preacher, who is
known as pastor.—Century Bible.
"This is the favorite and most touch-
ing figure in the early Christian painters
with delightful skill.How was Christ like a shepherd?
In (1) his care of men (vs. 10-13),
(2) his knowledge of men (vs. 14, 15),
(3) the breadth of his love for men
(v. 16), (4) the eagerness of men's
love for him (v. 27), (5) his divine
commission to care for men (vs. 15,
17, 18, 25, 29).Two Kinds of Hearers (vs. 19-21,
31-42). Christ's words, like a two-
edged sword, always divided his hear-
ers into two classes: those that
mocked at him or ragged against him,
and those that went away thoughtful
and impressed if not convinced. If
the last half of the chapter is to be
referred to the same occasion as the
first half (see "Times"), the first set
of hearers even tried to stone Christ
for his claim of unity with God. This
stoning for blasphemy was prescribed
in Lev. 24: 16, and the Jews had at-
tempted it only two months before.
In which class of hearers are you?

Dr. W. F. Trusty,

Practical

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Day, 49. Night, 109.

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Ladies' Dress Goods of all kinds and
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cess. All kinds of lace curtains, dra-
peries, rugs, carpets, gloves, in fact
everything cleaned at reasonable prices

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Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.

Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

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TimesIs the liveliest afternoon paper published
anywhere. It prints the news right up
to the minute. Four or more editions
every day. The regular price of The
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Stockman!

HAVE you thought of your stock advertising
for this year? It's about time, isn't it?Of course you will want nice, attractive
printed matter—the kind that will bring you
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a Satisfactory Manner. **Circulars,
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Reasonable Prices.**

-: The Springfield Sun :-

Who will be
President?This is a presidential year, and every
man must read to keep posted on poli-
tics. The

Courier-Journal

(HENRY WATTERSON, Editor)

Is a Democratic Newspaper, but it
prints the news as it develops. One
dollar a year is the price of the

Weekly Courier-Journal

But you can get that paper and

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BOTH ONE YEAR FOR
\$1.50If you will give or send your order to
this paper—NOT to the Courier-Journal.Daily Courier-Journal
\$6.00 a year.Sunday Courier-Journal
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TimesIs the liveliest afternoon paper published
anywhere. It prints the news right up
to the minute. Four or more editions
every day. The regular price of The
Times is \$5 a year, but you can get The

Sun and Times

BOTH ONE YEAR FOR
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Times is \$5 a year, but you can get The

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BOTH ONE YEAR FOR
\$5.00If you will send your order to this pa-
per—NOT to The Times.In Presidential Year 1908—
Those Who Want the TRUTH Should Read
"An Independent Newspaper"THE EVENING POST DURING THE YEAR 1908.
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAYFREE—A New Kentucky
Governor's Wall Atlas.

From Isaac Shelby to Augustus E. Willson.

All of Kentucky's Governors. The only complete collection now in existence.
Every true Kentuckian should have a copy in his home or office.JUST OFF THE PRESS is the new Kentucky map.
Engraved especially for the Evening Post at a cost of \$1,500.In addition to this up-to-the-minute Kentucky map and pictures of all Ken-
tucky's Governors, the complete course of all Kentucky towns is given, with
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maps of equal value, including the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska,
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1908 SEASON

FLOATER NO. 8315

Standard and registered under rule 6, vol. 6, Wallace's Stud Book. By Florida 432, he by Hambletonian 10, out of Volunteer Maid, by Volunteer 55, a son of Hambletonian 10.

1st dam Mary, by Star Almont 6673, a full brother to Almont, Jr., 1929. Allie Gains 2380 and Fieldmont 5050, all of them producers. Dam of Star Almont was by Black Hawk, 5, by Sherman Morgan, a son of Justin Morgan, the founder of the great Morgan family. Star Almont was by Almont 33, he by Abdallah 15, dam by Membrino Chief 11; 2nd dam by Pilot Jr., 12.

2nd dam of Floater was by Peck's Idol 177, he by Membrino Chief 11, and out of a thoroughbred mare, by American Eclipse. 3rd dam a thoroughbred mare by Sir Archy, 4, 5 and 6 dams thoroughbreds.

Floater is a handsome bay, 16 hands high, good disposition and a sure foot gaiter of large handsome colts and very promising ones. His oldest colts in this county are just two years old, but they are fine style and action and good doers.



STOE WALL

A Black Gov. Wood Jack has proved himself by his colts in 1906. Fifteen of his mules sold for an average of \$95.50 per head, and in 1907 ten of them brought their owners \$1,000. These are facts, not hot-air statements. He gets more high-price mules than any jack in the county.

TERMS.—Floater \$12 to insure a living colt. Stonewall, \$8 for horse and \$10 for mare mule.

Mares traded or parted with or bred elsewhere (without permission) forfeit insurance, and money due at once. A lien retained on all colts until service fees are paid. Care taken to prevent accidents but I will not be responsible should any occur.

I wish to thank the public for their former patronage and solicit a continuance of same.

J. E. SHELBY

MAUD.

Mr. Carrol Duncan continues very ill with pneumonia at the home of Mr. R. M. Arnold.

Mr. Pete Shehan is not reported much better at this writing.

Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Geo. Harned, of Springfield, were down one night last week the guests of Misses Hallie Houston and Catherine Wakefield.

Mr. T. B. Flaughner and family will move to Springfield next week. Their many friends regret to see them leave.

Mr. M. L. Troutman sold a sow and pigs to Mr. Batterton for \$9.

Mrs. Chas. McIlvory and Mrs. Ora Crumes spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Wallace Shehan, near Bloomfield.

Messrs. Lewis and George Kirsch spent Sunday with J. M. Montgomery and family.

Mrs. Annie Wakefield and daughter, Mary, spent Saturday in Bloomfield.

Mrs. Jennie Barlow has returned to her home at Springfield, after spending several days with her father, Mr. Pete Shehan.

Mr. M. L. Troutman and wife and grandson, Frank Crume, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edd Goatley, of Valley Hill.

Mrs. Wallace Seay spent Monday with Mrs. Tom Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Stiles, of Springfield, spent Thursday with Mr. and

Mrs. D. H. Houston.

Messrs. Erastus Shields and Fitch Godby, of Hillsboro, were down Saturday night the guests of the Misses Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Reed and daughter, Willie May, spent Sunday afternoon with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shehan.

Mr. Wm. Shehan and granddaughter, Miss Thelma Shehan, visited his daughter, Mrs. Irvine, of Chaplin, last week.

Mr. Jeff Settles spent several days last week in Louisville.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Mrs. B. D. Lake, Springfield, has for sale pure bred Buff Orpington eggs, 15 for 50c. Phone 75.

S. E. Shewmaker, Rt. 3, has for sale a good family mare, safe for a child to drive. Also a good milk cow.

Mrs. J. I. Martin, Rt. 1, has for sale single comb Rhode Island Red eggs. From pen, \$1 and \$2 for 15. From yard, 50c for 15.

Mrs. S. G. Tucker, Rt. 1, has for sale Rhode Island Red eggs, 50c for 15.

Administrator's Sale.

All person's having claims against the estate of G. W. Lambert, deceased, will present same to me properly proven on or before May 1, 1908, or to T. Scott Mayes at his office in Springfield, Ky.

COSEY CATTLE, Administrator of G. W. Lambert, Mackville, Ky., Rt. 1.

BOOKER.

Mrs. Josie Settle gave a carpet rag tacking last Thursday. A large crowd attended.

Miss Lillie Pile and little niece, Miss Catherine Pile, spent last Friday with Mrs. Cathie Settle.

Mrs. Edd Pile gave a birthday dinner last Sunday week, it being her twenty-fifth birthday. There were twenty-five guests present.

Mrs. Josie Settle is very ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Mr. Emmet Settle bought a brown work horse from Mr. Charlie Butler. Price paid \$115.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Pile and little daughter, Catherine, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Riley, near Stringtown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Pile and grandson, Master Theo. Bobbitt, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Goatley, at Mt. Zion.

Mr. Joe Settle was at Bloomfield last Friday.

Mrs. Ham Pile and sons, Louis Grundy and Herbert Edward, are spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kirsch, in Nelson county.

Mr. Charlie Butler rented corn ground from Mr. Byron Croake, and has rented same to Messrs. Otis and Emmet Settle.

Mr. Louis Kirsch, Jr., of Louisville, is spending this week with his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Pile.

Mrs. Ben Pile and daughter, Miss Lillie, Mrs. Edd Pile and daughter, Lydia Catherine, and Master Theo. Bobbitt spent last Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Ham Pile, at Mooresville.

Mr. Charlie Shehan spent Sunday with his brother and sister, Mr. Ham Shehan and Mrs. Kate Shewmaker.

Miss Mollie Hines and Miss Lillie Pile and mother spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Love Settles, who is confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism.

Mrs. Sallie Wilkinson is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Love Settle.

Misses Nannie A. and Mary Archie, daughters of Mr. Jesse Pile, of Louisville, have whooping cough.

Misses Mollie and Annie Hines are preparing to weave a new carpet at Mrs. Josie Settle's.

Rumor says we are to have another wedding in the near future.

Mr. Love Settle was in Springfield Friday and Saturday.

Mr. George Kirsch, of Louisville, spent Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. Edd Pile.

Messrs. George Kirsch and Ernest Pile were in Bloomfield Saturday.

Mr. Ben Pile was in Springfield Saturday.

HARDESTY.

As it has been several weeks since I heard from Hardesty I will send a few items to the dear old columns of The Sun.

Mr. D. B. Sutherland and wife spent Thursday with Mr. J. H. Gray and family.

Mr. J. R. Gray spent Monday with Mrs. J. H. Gray.

Misses Texie and Lucy Barlow, Martha, Ida and Ethel Gray and Mr. Joe Grace spent Sunday with Aunt Lucy Sales.

If there isn't any more cold weather there will be plenty of fruit in this vicinity which everyone would enjoy.

Miss Ollie Gray returned home Friday from Louisville, where she has been selecting her spring stock of millinery. She will open up at Polin Monday, April 6.

Mrs. Lute Carney and children spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Edd Smothers.

Mrs. Lizzie Bosley, Lebanon, Rt. 3, has for sale Pure Bred Single Comb Brown Leghorn and Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. 50c for 15. From pen.

Elegant New Bracelets



A pleasing variety of the newest production in Bracelets. The value values we offer are usually for such High-grade Bracelets.

Gold Filled, \$1 to \$6.50

Solid Gold, \$8 to \$12

Your Attire is Not Complete Without a BRACELET.

LADIES' CHAINS, WATCHES, ETC., representing the highest skill in Workmanship and the latest designs, are other attractions in my stock of Jewelry.

James J. Graves, Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Springfield, Kentucky.

HOFFMAN DARE!



Sired by Dignity Dare, No. 1982.
"Chester Dare, No. 10.
"Black Squirrel, No. 58.
"Black Eagle, No. 14.
"King William, No. 67.

Dam Glen Mary, No. 240.

2nd dam Raven, by Anderson Bell, No. 15605. Record 2:20.

3rd dam Membrino Princess, dam of Bay Bird, 2:30.

DESCRIPTION.—Black, 16 hands high, 4-year-old, with plenty of style and action, as fine a natural tail as any horse, and comes from a family on both sides that have a noted record.

HOFFMAN DARE will make the season of 1908 at Castleton Stock Farm, three miles from Springfield on Lebanon pike, for the sum of

\$10 To Insure a Living Colt.

I will also stand 2 Good Jacks \$10 At Same Place for TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Apply,
W. S. Gibbs

18 Springfield, Ky.

Eggs For Sale.

I have PURE WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS FOR SALE AT

\$1.00 for 15.

W. R. SELECMAN,
Springfield, Ky.

FENWICK.

Miss Mattie Begley has returned to her home at this place, after a few days stay in Springfield.

Mr. R. E. Shewmaker bought of C. W. Adams a horse; price unknown.

Mrs. Nannie Fenwick and daughter, Louise, were guests of Mrs. Lizzie Anderson and family one day last week.

Mr. Everett Baker, of Booker, was in our vicinity one day last week.

Mrs. R. P. Lanham and son, Leo, were the pleasant guests of Mrs. Lizzie Anderson last Wednesday night.

Mr. W. F. Logsdon sold to Mr. Morgan Cheatham a horse, Price \$85.

Miss Adray Canary was in our vicinity one evening last week.

Farmers are busy sowing their tobacco beds, but it is very uncertain whether they will get to make a crop or not.

Mrs. C. W. Oder and three children, John, Josephine and Blanche, and Mrs. Josie Mays and daughter, Bessie, were the pleasant guests of Mrs. W. T. Bar-

HORSE BREEDERS

ATTENTION!

L. D. BAKER OFFERS A FINE LIST OF STALLIONS FOR THE SEASON OF 1908 AT HIS STABLES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS

I desire to express my thanks to the stock breeders of Washington and adjoining counties for their very liberal patronage during the past seasons and invite their attention to my list of stallions this season:

MOKO PEARL

No. 40394.

Record 2:28, trial 2:18. The greatest trotting-bred show stallion. The handsomest son of the celebrated Moko. Moko Pearl is a bay stallion 15½ hands, was foaled in 1903 and was bred at Walnut Hall Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky. He is by Moko, by Baron Wilkes, dam Queen Ethel, the dam of three in the list. Moko Pearl is out of Little Pearl 2:21 by Hinder Thomas. Little Pearl's dam is by Isoline.

Moko Pearl will make the season at \$20 to insure a living colt and will be limited to thirty mares. The season ends June 1.

The following statement from this horse's former owner tells something of his individual merit: "Moko Pearl has been shown at the Kentucky State Fairs since he was a two-year-old and won practically everything he was shown for in harness and roadster classes. He won for two seasons at Georgetown, Lawrenceburg, Shelbyville and Lexington, defeating all classes. He came to us about the 5th of August, 1907, after a heavy stud season, and with ten days preparation he was second at the Blue Grass Fair in the strongest roadster class seen in Kentucky in years. Peter the Great 2:07½ was the winner. These performances should stamp him as a good individual and a good graded trotter. Mr. George Freeman worked him for speed 54 days in his three-year-old form and drove him in 2:24. Wm. Freeman trained him lightly (keeping him in show condition all the time) as a four-year-old and drove him in 2:18½ in 1:46½ in 53 seconds. After showing him at the Blue Grass Fair last year we worked him a few miles and gave him a record of 2:28½; we believe he is a good trotter and a game horse, this is the opinion of every man who has pulled a line over him. With a seasons' work he should trot in 2:12 or better. He has been pronounced by competent judges Moko's handsomest son. He is a clean sound horse, a good legged one, and a very handsome fellow. His peer as a high class stock horse and prospective trotter for the green classes would be hard to find.

RED BIRD

Registered 1906 Vol. V., A. S. H. B. A.

This horse is too well-known to need any introduction to the breeders of Washington and adjoining counties. In the opinion of well posted horse men he is the best breeding saddle horse in the State. He made the season at my stables last year and his fine crop of colts are testimonials to his merit as a breeder. Red Bird will make the season of 1908 at \$20 to insure a living colt and will be limited to 50 mares. Owners desiring to breed to this horse should book their mares early.

BOUNCING CONNAUGHT

No. 15272

Hackney Stallion, 15.3 hands, a beautiful chestnut sorrel, with three white legs and a "red" nose. This is a remarkably handsome horse, possessing the true hackney style and shape and is a fine actor. This is just the horse to improve the size and stamina of trotting-bred horses. His colts make ideal roadsters and carriage horses. The stud fee for this Hackney horse will be \$20 to insure a living colt.

SUNSHINE

This fine young harness stallion is well-known to the breeders of Washington and it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon his good qualities. He will make the season at \$15 to insure a living colt.

JOHN SIMMS.—Have traded for this well-known jack. You all know him, for he carries his "rep." with him. Season, \$10 to insure a living mare mule and \$8 to insure a living horse mule. My fine jack Bill Goebel under same conditions.

Parties interested in fine stock are cordially invited to visit my stables at the Fair Grounds and inspect my horses.

L. D. BAKER.

ker, of this place, last Thursday.

Mr. Oscar Bottoms, of Stewart, was in our community one day last week.

Miss Verna Rogers was the pleasant guest of her sister, Mrs. C. W. Adams, of this place, last Friday night.

Miss Pearl Fenwick has returned home, after a weeks visit with her cousins at Canary.

Miss Louise Fenwick spent Friday night with Miss Anna Shewmaker, of this place.

Edgar Barker, of Springfield, was the guest of his brother at this place the last of last week.

School opened at this place Monday with Miss Maggie Smith as teacher.

We are glad to report Mr. Ben Fow-

ell, who has been on the sick list for several weeks, able to be out again.

Miss May Lanham and brother, Oscar, and Miss Susie Fenwick and brother, Edward, were the pleasant guests of the Misses Fenwick, of this place, Sunday last.

Mr. Durwood Montgomery, of near Williamsburg, was in the village Sunday afternoon.

Miss Lena Cissell has returned home, after a week's stay at Bear Wallow, accompanied by Mr. Charley Cusic.

Mr. Ben Spaulding, of near Springfield, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Prudie Jones, of this place.

Miss Alma Fenwick spent Sunday at her home at this place.

W.L.Graham's Stock

Fancy Boy,

(COMBINED STALLION)

Young George,

(DRAFT STALLION)

At \$8.00.

My Jack, "Black Hawk, III"

Is one of the finest animals ever seen in Washington county, and my Jack, BILLIE ROBERTSON, has extra large bone and heavy body. These animals can not be outclassed in this section of the State. It will pay you to come and see them before breeding.

BOTH JACKS WILL STAND AT

\$7.00.

W. L. Graham, Cardwell, Ky.

„Eggs“

For Sale!

For Hatching Purposes

—AT—

\$1 for 15

White Plymouth Rocks

Fischel strains—The Best Breeds in the World—male birds secured by Judge Lane, from 924 to 934 points.

A. C. Kimball,
Springfield, Ky.